Feb 1
1931

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

~~Mon~~ ~~Tues~~
Tuesday

146

How is the cheque for the table. Dont cheap, I
consider.

Would you take a commission to make
tiles for the upstairs room at Monks House?
I dont know if you expect me to-morrow or not —
Call, about 5.30 — Shall have had tea.

Cant ring up because you'll be engaged
with Ethels nephew — no not nephew.
But perhaps you'll let me hear.

52 T.S. 1st March. 1931

As I find I can easily contribute £30
this year to Angelica's clothes or whatever
you like I send £15, I shall send
the other £15 on September 1st
which is by my reckoning 6 months
ahead.

1931

148

Brantôme April 24th?

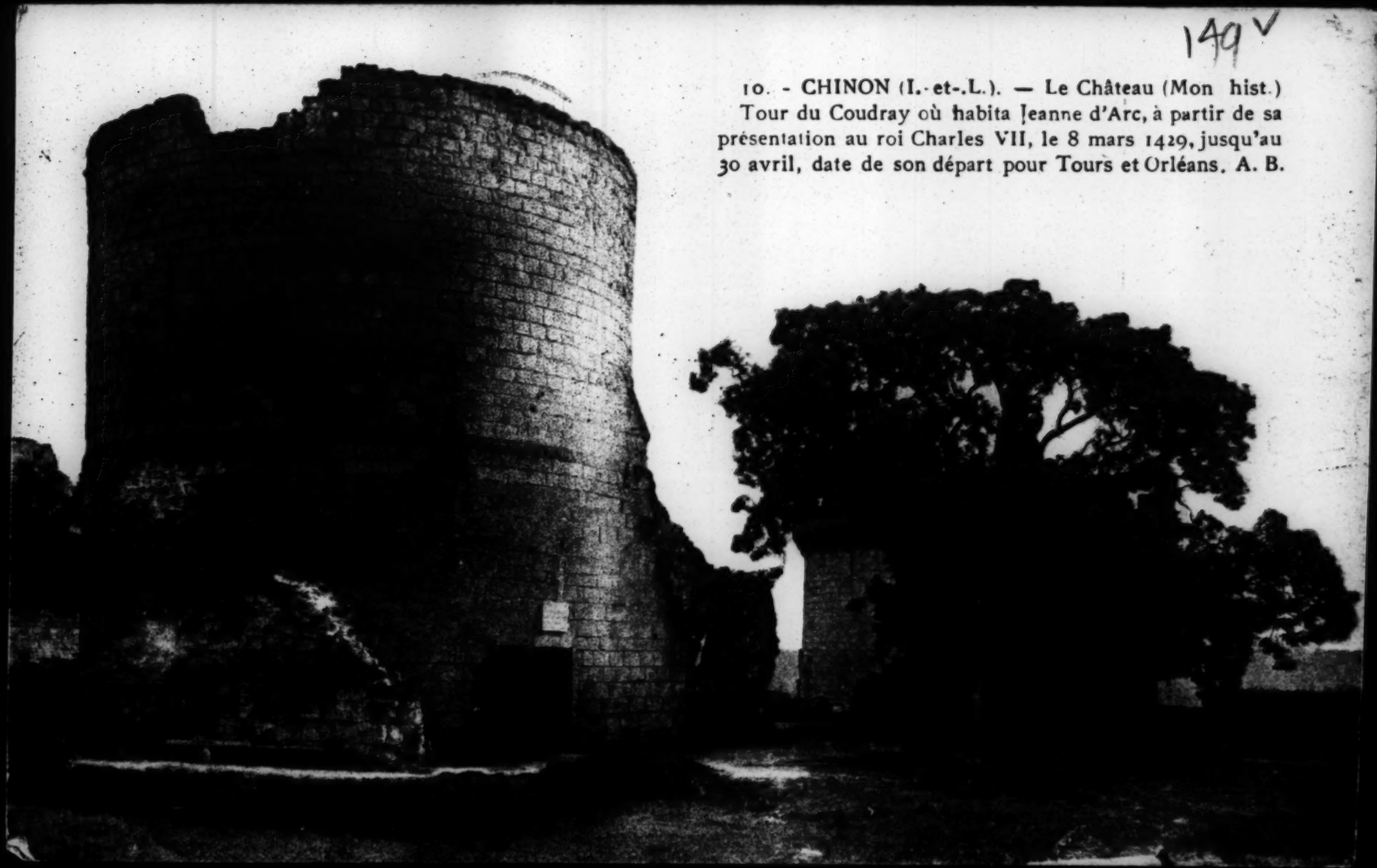
Dearest,

I have just got your letter from Okehampton, & smile, at any thought I don't feel sure that you will ever get it. We have had no serious adventures, though two punctures in hail storms; & several nuts & bolts have flown off, & pebbles got in to the works. Still the car has been very considerate. But God – what weather to start with! Icy cold, storms of rain, clouds so black we could not see beyond our noses. Suddenly it got brilliantly fine; & then again storms. Then again fine; but not really hot till yesterday. La Rochelle in fine weather would be lovely; though Ethel-green sails turned out to be fishing nets. Marennes is I think more lovely; & Chatellon most lovely of all. Here we adventured off the road to a small village on the Dordogne, where we had the best food for about 3/- & drove off to Montaigne's tower, what a date to immemorely. His tower is still standing, in the loveliest vineyard. high up, & we wandered all over the gardens with some very humorous dogs at

our leisure. Then we went to Bergerac for lunch & forged upon pâté, &
wine & pancakes & eggs & in consequence I nearly bought 6 old chairs,
boat & several clothing stands, but as they weren't as good as might be
& very expensive just reframed. We got here last night. It is lovely —
as you remember: alive here the Inn to ourselves. The people say they remember
you & two Mr. Gores — but I doubt it. It is cold again, but fine. They say
this weather is unknown, & it was hot as Summer 2 weeks ago. Why we
don't live in France I can't conceive — unless we have a plot to uproot you from
Cassis, leave it to Clive, & retire hereabouts. It is perfect country, & no
tourists. In fact, we've not seen an English man or woman since we left.
It is market day & all the old peasant women are tramping in with kids
in their arms & chickens in baskets. I hope it boy will still more your
rather strong heart. But the Times just in, says it still rains in England.
Lord — I don't in the least want to go back, & be again tormented by Lehigh,
Hugh Walpole &c. Here one feels perfectly free & casual & can sit & read or
consider the world by the hour. Here in London all is hurry. Scurry. I am
thinking out plans for the amendment of my life. One could easily retire down-
with books here. How I envy you Rome! It is duller than ditchwater — this letter —
but I've no scraps — only letters from Ethel Smyth, & Kauffer & Kotchansky, who all
accuse me of being unwilling to see them. Why is the male so hasty? — counting
Ethel a male? Please write again. And then I will. Love to the Brats. I
wonder what Angelica will think of St Ives. I dreamt last night that you'd
had a child by Hilton Young. V.

NYPL HAMILL 2/10/64

149 V



10. - CHINON (I.-et-L.). — Le Château (Mon hist.) Tour du Coudray où habita Jeanne d'Arc, à partir de sa présentation au roi Charles VII, le 8 mars 1429, jusqu'au 30 avril, date de son départ pour Tours et Orléans. A. B.

Chateau du Loir.

CARTE POSTALE

27th April 1932.

I hope you're having hellish
weather than we are. This
violent April weather.
However, we are enjoying
ourselves, eating & drinking
most delicious food: &
often tipsy. No adventures.
Car as good as the Baby.
Let me have your address.
This is a small inn on a
river.

Phototypie A. Bruel - Angers

Mrs Clive Bell
8 Fitzroy Street
London W.

Angleterre.

149

NYPL HAMILL 2/10/88

I will hand on to L. your remarks about the wine. & all shall be attended to.

4th May. 1931 52 Tavistock Sq2.

Dearest Dolphin

I would have written before, but I somehow thought you said that you were going to Camp outside Rome, & would send me your address. there are some letters from Angelica, who seems to be in the highest spirits. I've sent her on gathering dress, but I gather her summer coat has gone wrong. Shall I do anything about it? We shall go & see her as soon as she lets us know that it is allowed.

London is at the moment rather enchanting, chiefly because most people think we are still away. Also, though threatening, it's really warm — Lord, the cold of France! — I wore all my winter things — they said it was La Lune Rousse — whatever that may be. I'm sorry that moved on to Rome, which doesn't sound so dazzlingly romantic in your account as I thought it — but then we had a perfect May week. And I rather think the days of cheap travel are for ever over — the prices in France seemed considerably higher than the English: no old furniture that I could find at possible dates. And in this age one begins to dislike hotels. Yes; Mrs Hunt is dead, knocked down by a motor van in High St. Kensington; had her arm cut off; is now buried in St Pauls. But I kept myself to myself — did not go. Among the living I have seen Desmond, whose Collected works he said we are to print; slightly worried about Michael, who has bought 400 goats, & finds them more sympathetic than sheep. but at the same time more active, so that he needs his time chasing them, & recovering them from Leopards: & so wants to

sell them & start life afresh. Also Rachel is not much of a hand at managing life — which may refer to Lord David. He calls her very childish. When I saw Cory, I came to the conclusion that you were a lucky woman to marry into the Bells: they materialise everything. I write much good sense where seems no escape. He told me that the young need discipline & his son-daughter dont seem to get it. And O what an encounter I had on the Chantrel boat; a squat sallow light eyed woman — drunken Waterlow returning with 3 of the ugliest children ever mis-begotten from Dover. And do we one got to go & stay with them at Oare. Then, Domestically speaking, Adrian has dismissed his cook — after 3 months notice; & Mrs Goldsmith has written to tell me that old Uppington has had all her savings stolen & can't get any work. Can I help? I say you (V. B) will. The truth is, I think, that Alix & her Tony have gone off with £50: as he is in difficulties, but I dont see how I'm to intervene. They say now in the underworld that it was Tony & Alix that lost Lotty her place with the Harrisons — God knows.

Thats not very interesting I fear. but you know what life is — one thing & then another: Hugh Walpole tomorrow, & Mrs Violet Hunt. Heaven. Now is another great literary scandal on foot, about a book that caricatures Somerset Maugham this time; a Hugh. like the Salahad he is, has intervened to stop it. Desmond says he is a perfect ass: but I shall hear his story tomorrow. Ad Ethel adores you beyond any chance of ~~Hugh~~ Shaw: the rays from life is two fold for her. Its one who knows that she does takes facts to heart; & I have stripped her back considerably by saying that I've got too much work at the moment to see anyone. But she came yesterday, & was melancholy beyond words; old, battered, depressed; became (though she wont explain) I rather think the Opera has ulcered the Wrecken, owing to the failure of The Person. Anyhow the way she has sobbed on Lord's shoulder, & wakes at 3 a.m., when she has to wet, in such despair that the cries about Courage, courage! & prays to God, who has deserted her. I've promised her a Champagne dinner at Bonchurch, but even that is not of much avail.

NYPL HAMILL 6/1/66

I cant conceive why Hoxtby wrote to you. I remember
think what a character you would have given me: the
then applied to D: so I saw her myself. a fine her a
Yorkshire farmers' daughter, rather uncouth, & shapeless, —
Heaven knows what sort of lie) didn't tell her —
Chiefly about you. for whose work she has a great
admiration. Who is David Bomberg? He
has asked me to dit, but only if I admire modern
painting. So I said I loathed nothing & thus
hope to escape.

London, as I began by saying,

is rather annoying at the moment (though its deplorable to
have no telephone) & I go to the gallery at the
Opera, & to Aldous's play, & to the movies — there's
a very good French one — & sometimes merely
saunter & meander through the streets, looking
about me. Its Lyghte country that's such a
pincushion after France: all these little fields & hedges.
I think one ought to live 6 months in London & 6 at
Brantôme or Castillon. John Lehmann shows
signs of melancholia — otherwise all is well. As
his father went mad, I'm rather apprehensive. Please
write, & then I'll get further sheets. B

NYPL

HAMILL 6/1/66